Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, January 31, 1918 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

SONG IN WAR-TIME

SPEAK low, speak little, who may sing
While yonder cannon-thunders boom?
Watch, shuddering, what each day may bring:
Nor "pipe amid the crack of doom."

And yet—the pines sing overhead,
The robins by the alder-pool,
The bees about the garden-bed,
The children dancing home from school.

And ever at the loom of Birth
The mighty Mother weaves and sings:
She weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth;
She sings—fresh hopes for desperate things.

And thou, too: if through Nature's calm
Some strain of music touch thine ears,
Accept and share that soothing balm,
And sing, though choked with pitying tears.

September 21, 1870 *Charles Kingsley*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1918 Number 22

A PLACE IN THE SUN.

(Recruits for the Ambulance Corps Saluting the Colors at Sunset.)

These upward-looking faces of the youth,
Aglow with sunset and with fervor for the flag,
And serious with the thought of early sacrifice—
How steadfast shone the purpose in their eyes!
So soon to carry dead and dying in that far off France,
The torn and bloody bodies, to sweet Mercy's touch,
While hiss and cry Death's terrors overhead.
For these the dangerous ministrations
That lift the world into a diviner air
And consecrate the stronger to the weak.
And so they prophesy a world to be,
Wherein no helmet spike shall pierce the sun
And blacken all the day; no looming autocrat
To lift a mailed hand and hide the light
That shines for all—the poor and sick and weak,
The strugglers and aspiring, the brave and generous,
The lovers of their homes and soils and peoples.
So for the race shall shine the face of freedom,
The tender eyes of motherhood and children's joy,
The confident look of men who are their own sure masters;
And all the world shall cheer the flag
Whose colors float triumphant in the sun!

From the Chicago Tribune. —*Horace Spencer Fiske.*

We join our Jewish neighbors and friends in felicitating Nathan Straus on his 70th birthday and congratulate the country on its possession of so worthy a citizen.

The "Federated Council of the Churches of Christ in America," with a shepherd like anxiety for the proper direction, if not control, of their "far flung battle line," is out with a closely printed, carefully elaborated "Wartime Program for Local Churches Distant from Training Camps." With a fine elaboration of detail they urge the organization of "wartime committees," "wartime programs" with special emphasis on "flags and honor rolls," "wartime Americanization," "open house for men in uniform," "leadership of pastors," etc., etc. The pamphlet is put forth by an array of twenty or more names under the title of a "Wartime Commission of the Churches." The whole is signed by the Federal Council of Churches. Has it come to this that Protestant Christianity is committed without qualification and without distinction to the war program of the Allies? Is there not here a degree of assumption amounting to ecclesiastical arrogance? Who are these preachers who have a right to speak for the unrepresented thousands, perhaps millions, who are divided in mind and distracted in heart by the conflict between the cross and the sword, the inspirations of love and mercy and that which inspires hatred, justifies murder only so that it be on a sufficiently extensive scale and directed against a mass bundled under the general name of "enemies," "Huns" or other epithets that eliminate many of the fundamental attributes in all human beings unless our faith in God and contention of human brotherhood are a delusion and a sham. The Pope at Rome with a consistency grown venerable through centuries claims the *right* to speak for his people. Other hierarchial churches, the Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist and similarly organized churches empower *archbishops* and *bishops* to speak for them. The more loosely organized, but still creed-bound denominations presume to speak for their worshippers through the action of *synods, conventions, conferences,* etc., but where does this "Commission" derive its authority to commit the thirty denominations more or less to a war program that encourages the bloody adventure of one section of Christendom against another section of Christendom, crowning the one battle line with the sanctities of the Cross and denouncing the other battle line as atrocities inspired by the devil? According to the creeds of these brethren every Hun killed is not only a "triumph of democracy" but a contribution to the population of an eternal hell. Who and where are the "Churches of Christ in America?" And who has a right to speak for them?

The "National Association for the Advancement of Colored People" held its annual meeting as usual at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last Sunday night with a fair audience and a full program. The speakers rejoiced over the remakable triumphs for their race in the sweeping and unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States declaring the legislation looking towards the segregation of white and black unconstitutional. The reports seemed also reasonably satisfied with the action of the government officials and courts concerning the outrages in East St. Louis. But notwithstanding the steady gain of the rights and privileges of the colored man, whose slow but sure emergency into citizenship has been by means of the pacific forces of education and religion, the direct result of the Gospel forces of love, justice and reason, there was a lamentable disposition on the part of the speakers to forget for the time being these forces and these high causes by transforming the meeting into a war meeting, indulg-

ing in the rhetoric of hate and the faithless conclusion, in defiance to the analogies of history and the hopes of the prophets, that there is no solution to present ills except in more efficient murder on the part of our country. Is the well being of the colored race or any other section of God's humanity hanging upon trench triumphs on battle lines? Are there no forces at work in this as in preceding centuries more efficient than bayonets and bullets? Alas, for the "safety" of the judge on his bench or the veriest "pickaninnies" in an Alabama cabin if it is dependent on the wiping of the "Germans off the map." After the German Kaiser is killed the Kaiser that once enslaved four million dusky men, women and children, and now hunts them out of good air and clean surroundings into the stench laden slum districts of our cities will still remain enthroned, and he cannot be removed by sending bayonets "over the top." That is a sad misinterpretation and desecration of the Red Cross movement that makes it a thing of bandages and needed "supplies" for the Allied forces. The profounder interpretation of the Red Cross makes it a thing of gentleness, of pity and mercy that is long-suffering and all-forgetting. The claims of humanity on both sides of the firing line are its concern. The Red Cross assumes to represent that divine providence that overreaches battle lines and levels trenches. The hope of the colored man lies in the gospel of reason and mercy ever in danger of insult at the hands of its friends and never absent from the most deluded children of God so long as they are inspired by sincerity, however mistaken. The providences of God are at work in the interest of the wronged, whatever the color, creed, language or territorial environment may be.

Unheralded Loyalties of Lay Missionaries

UNITY is not willing to stand by witnessing the ascent of the *Christian Register* into a denominational organ, technically interpreted, without saluting, at least in its editorial columns, two faithful friends, the loving colleagues and tireless missionaries in our common cause. George H. Ellis and Emma E. Marean have been not only the efficient publisher and editor that directed the business and literary forces of the *Christian Register* for so many years with skill, delicacy and unflagging energy, but they have nobly represented the Unitarianism that promotes extra denominational fellowship, that welcomes the representatives of radicals and conservatives of East and West, of Christianity within the name and that other broader, nobler thing beyond all names.

The Editor of UNITY has known George H. Ellis for a round half century. Fifty years ago last Holidays, while yet a student at Meadville, he ventured with fear and trembling to visit Boston. He had to go because he was assured on the excellent authority of Edward Everett Hale that all Unitarians must enter heaven by the way of Boston. The raw, timid boy from the West was discovered by a scarcely less awkward country boy from a Boston suburb, who was represented as beginning to become a power in the *Register* office as the "office boy." Through all the intervening years we have watched that office boy grow into an efficient business man, a successful publisher and a wise counselor in the interest of the open faith and the growing fellowship. He was always a willing helper and a sympathetic worker on all lines which UNITY and the *Christian Register* held in common.

It is more difficult for the Editor to speak, even in the confidences of UNITY circle, of his acquaintance with Mrs. Marean and the fellowship connected therewith. Mrs. Marean was in at the beginning of All Souls Church, Chicago. It was a memorable day in the history of that movement and the memory of its minister when the young, radiant mother brought into the dingy little hall at Vincennes Avenue her line of little children and said, "Here I am, I have brought them to you, now what can I do!" Bless her, what didn't she do! She brought cheer, culture, sagacity and enlightened leadership into the formative days of All Souls Church of Chicago. The study classes in Browning, noble poems, the great novels, formation of publication schemes, apprenticeship on UNITY, planning for and building the first church home, all came with and through the help of Mrs. Marean, whose radiant life helped make radiant that remarkable group of consecrated men and women that in the fulness of time brought forth the Parliament of Religions and the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

It was a dark day for All Souls Church and UNITY when Mrs. Marean and the blessed band of children left us for her Eastern home, but she carried with her a stock of inspiration. When we read in the West of the early days of the Boston Browning Society, we knew before it was announced who the first secretary would be, and when preachers failed, men disappointed, some of us were not surprised that this shy, blushing little woman from Chicago was found with her deft hands holding the rafters up over the *Christian Register*.

Never was there a more self effacing worker in an editorial sanctum than Mrs. Marean in the office of the *Christian Register*. Was it for a quarter of a century?

The denominational committee announces that the *Christian Register* passes into their hands free of debt. Let credit be given where credit is due. Even

the dollar and cents freedom is the result of the fertile loyalty of these splendid lay missonaries.

But the *Christian Register* passes into the custody of the denomination with a non-tangible asset of sweetness, kindliness, cheerfulness and joyous fellowship that makes the task of their successors a most difficult and a most inspiring one.

It makes the writer feel a little old to write something that sounds like an obituary of old time and new time friends while so much life and joy is still left them.

We congratulate them on their promotion into that serenity of which we are always dreaming. Should the Editor of UNITY ever be allowed a day off before the stars come into sight he will seek Boston again, if for no other reason than for the supreme joy of taking by the hand George H. Ellis and Emma E. Marean and saying to them, "I LOVE YOU STILL!!"

What the Pacifist Is!

II.

The Pacifist is a man who has a certain opinion about war, as we saw in the last article in this series. He believes, for reasons to him good and sufficient, that war, like disease, is an evil. So believing, he refuses to accept excuses, defences, justifications for this evil. He is unable to concede that a phenomenon, universally recognized to be an abomination in one place, can be suddenly transfigured into a blessing in some other place; or black as hell under one set of conditions, can become as bright as heaven under another set of conditions. War to him is wholly, everywhere and always an evil. "It is not an abstraction which admits of doubt or uncertainty, but is as tangible as bombs, cannon, mangled corpses, smouldering ruins, desolated towns and villages, rivers of blood. It is substantially the same in all ages, and cannot change its moral features. To trace it in its ramifications is not a difficult matter. In fact, nothing is more terribly distinct than its career; it leaves its impress on everything it touches, whether physical, mental or moral." (William Lloyd Garrison.) From this viewpoint, the Pacifist is perhaps most easily described, in contradistinction not only to the militarist but to the ordinary "peace man," as one who regards war as an evil in the concrete as well as the abstract. He is opposed at any particular moment not only to war in general, but to "this war"!

Pacifism, however, is something far more than a matter of intellectual opinion merely. It is a moral judgment as well! The Pacifist is a man who tests war with his conscience as well as with his mind, and finds it to be not only an evil but a *wrong*. War is in this sense to be classified not so much with pestilence for example, as with "slavery," intemperance, licentiousness, "idolatry," as a horror which has its roots not only in ignorance, superstition and social disorder, but also in the lusts of the heart. It is a part, and perhaps the most monstrous part, of "man's inhumanity to man," which "makes countless thousands mourn." It is an injury, visited by one man upon another man for self-regarding purposes. It is the rout of altruism by egoism—the usurpation by pride, selfishness, fear, hate, of the throne of love—the bankruptcy in the individual and society alike of brotherhood. From the viewpoint of every moral code ever written, of every spiritual ideal ever conceived, it is a sin. It may be a blacker sin in one case than in another, just as there may be murder of the first degree and the second degree. There may be circumstances in which it seems venial, just as there are circumstances in which homicide is termed "justifiable." But the sin at bottom is still sin. The moral judgment of mankind condemns it!

It is this moral aspect of pacifism which explains the uncompromising attitude of the Pacifist toward war. If war were an evil merely, it might be condoned, and even deliberately chosen under certain conditions, as the lesser of two evils. So always runs the militarist argument for war, as we know full well today! But no such contention holds when war is judged not as an evil but as a wrong. Slavery was not without a case for itself, so long as it was viewed as an evil, necessary for the prevention of certain other and greater evils, or for the protection of certain exceedingly precious goods. The literature of the anti-slavery controversy teems with instances where the institution of chattel servitude was not unsuccessfully defended on the ground of expediency. The abolitionists, however, refused to accept this ground of debate. They insisted upon moving to the moral plane. And here no compromise was at any moment possible. Slavery was wrong—that was the beginning and end of the question. Now the Pacifist is a man who takes exactly the same attitude today toward war that the abolitionist took two generations ago toward slavery. And the reason is the same in both cases. The intellect has analyzed the phenomenon, found it to be evil, and with true scientific spirit classified it accordingly. Now comes the conscience, and reinforces the intellect with a moral judgment. War is not only an evil to be studied, understood and adjusted temporarily to the great accumulation of goods and evils which make up the content of society. It is a wrong to be denounced without qualification, fought without mercy, abolished without delay, and at any cost. Evils we can live with on certain terms, and conquer by the sure ways of patience, wisdom and consecrated knowledge. But wrongs can be lived with

on no terms, for they corrupt and destroy in exact proportion as they are endured. The collapse of the moral consciousness of the race the world around in 1914 is all the witness that we need of the impossibility of tolerating war, or preparation for war. To make an end of this abomination, most of all at the time when it is most with us, is the only sure counsel of the soul. For as Garrison well said, "Of what value or utility are the principles of peace and forgiveness, if we may repudiate them in the hour of peril and suffering?" JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

A WEAK WARRIOR.

I think if one should tell me—swearing truth—
The reign of man upon the earth was drawing to a close
I should feel just as lost and strange as now
And no whit more.

I can not read nor write nor think, connectedly;
The fabric of my life seems torn to shreds
With disappointment and surprise.

I can not do my simple household tasks:
The thing I go to fetch is out of mind
And I stand empty-handed till the train of thought
Gets track again.

I seem to watch and wait for something—what?
I do not want to go away with Death—not now—
I love the Earth and all sweet, growing things;
I love the smell of dust with the first drops of rain
Upon the country roads;
The cleanly fragrance of the leaves whenso the sun laughs in between the showers;
The good green grass, the flowers of every hue
—Where are the marvelous dye-stuffs made?

I love big thistles, tangled weeds and vines
Whose humble names nobody cares to know;
I love the winds that lullaby the nestlings of a thrush
And hurl a helpless ocean to the skies.

The generous hearts that love me so,
Live pleasantly, and say: Forget, forget!
God! If one could forget! Man's world exacts an agony of torture
Present and remembered.
How dare I, or you, speak one reluctant word?

All things have end;
Shall the impoverished races of to-day sink to oblivion
And a new world dig out our scant remains
And wire our bones for speculative use?

The strong-set danger signs we will not heed
But travel the same road:
King David tore the Ammonites asunder with harrows, axes, saws,
Three thousand years ago.
To-day kings do the self-same thing and claim command of God
As David did; and thro' the centuries between
Roll seas of human blood.

The Christ who preached Good-will and Peace
Was but a visioner, run to excess
With meekness and a foolishness of love—
Thro' long-time usage only do men keep his name.

Where shall one look for comforting?
Don't give me the old shibboleth of faith in prayer
To Gods that fighting men create and suit to their own purposes.

Supreme Intelligence must feel contempt
For beings that will ask a God to do
Tasks given to their hands with strength and knowledge for accomplishment.

E. C. T.

The Track of the Storm

A little book named as above comes to us from England. It is well named, being stories, not of trenches and the fighting, but of rescue and uplift begun in two little villages of France after the Storm of War had swept through them, and in a larger town congested with refugees and *rapatriés*. Fifteen short stories of war-wreckage and suffering *in the track* of the storm, therefore—and just samples: every desolated village of France, the attics in old gabled by-streets of many a city, must be able to duplicate them over and over again. The writer is an English girl named Margaret Crook—she is perhaps England's one Unitarian woman-minister, whose "pacifist" longing to help led her to leave college studies and take part in the reconstruction which the English "Friends" started in France before the Spring of 1915 began to sprinkle the blackened ruins of 1914 with grasses and vines. The tales she tells came her way in her own experience in this relief work.

What do they show? The French Darbies and Joans left behind, too old and slow to join the general flight when the "Boches" drew near; widows and mothers bereft of their men; the village children running wild for lack of fathers and of schools; the "shock"-dumbed soldier wandering forlorn in alien streets; the waif of doubtful name, drifted in none knew whence, whose leather shoes, instead of wooden sabots, betrayed her blue blood, and who had but one want in the wide world—"une petite poupée"; the brave efficient little madame, scudding back her day's work done to her lonely hermitage of "souvenirs." Figures such as these. And we see the tiny white "maisonettes" which the relief workers build; the railroad dump of bedsteads and mattresses, cupboards, tables, chairs, lugged and wheel-barrowed off by thankful recipients; the workers' holy of holies—their store-room stock of undersuits and grey dress stuffs and head-shawls and woolen baby caps and crowning all, the *pélerines*—"the great thick cape so beloved of Frenchmen, of a quality to maintain self-respect"! We watch the shrewdly sympathetic distribution of these things, the shrewdness being as useful as the sympathy to neutralize the wiles of need. We see dim-eyed villagers, war-stripped of spectacles, rounded up to be re-spectacled. We see the "garderie" of blissful children, corralled under the apple trees in the field of the thirty bomb-holes at the foot of the village street.

Fifteen vignettes, a life-story with each, of the France that lies today in the track of the storm; the pictures sketched in tow color, simply and well.

Here is a bit from one of them to show what these village-folk are thinking of as they sit in their new chairs remembering Madame Léfevre did not get away from Z——, when the Germans arrived in their first rush upon Paris. She tells her experience to Margaret:

"I did not mean to stay; but at the last they came so quickly. I hoped all the time they would not reach us. Where was there for me to go? There was no food, no shelter. The roads were full. Nearly everybody went. I saw the shells fall in the houses, and then the fires starting everywhere. The wind rushed them up the hill till the whole hillside was ablaze—a mountain of fire! I stayed in my cellar as long as I

could, till the house was on fire above my head and it was too hot. The flames were right across the road in front. The only way I could get out was at the back. I walked down to the Sugar Refinery and I saw them coming in—Boches everywhere. Very, very black they were, their uncut beards making them look blacker still. When they saw me they took me prisoner, me and a few other women and children who had not got away. They put us in the Sugar Refinery, and we were not allowed to go out. We could not tell what was happening. There we were, surrounded by sacks and sacks and sacks of sugar! For two whole days we had nothing to eat but sugar. I laugh about it now, but I did not laugh then; I hated the sugar! It was worse for the poor children; they were so hungry and the sugar made them ill. The country-side had been eaten bare of food. There were no rabbits, no chickens, no bread. The Germans themselves had none. They had biscuits, however, and some of them came down to the Refinery and gave their biscuits to the children. They could not speak much French. 'Moi pas méchant, pas méchant,' they would say; but they looked very 'méchant,' all the same. Still, we could get along quite well with them. It was the Commandant we did not like, and, as for that, neither did they. He too came down to the Sugar Refinery and strode about. He wanted Monsieur le Marie and the other men. He thought we might be shielding them, but we did not know where they were. He said: 'You shall all hang for this! You shall all hang!'

"But we did not hang. Later in the week the shells began to fall in Z—— again, and we did not know what would happen. One shell fell right into the house where the Commandant was asleep and killed him. His little grave is on the hill there with the rest. When the men knew he was dead, they were not going to stay. Quite suddenly they broke and ran. Even in their haste they did not forget us. They came rushing down to the Sugar Refinery, shouting as they ran: 'You are free! You are free! Go back to your houses!' As though we had any houses to go back to. We went out and saw them running over the bridge yonder by the canal. They went very quickly indeed. Then we turned and went up the hill. That was on the Friday, and I had seen nothing since Sunday, when the town was in flames. Now it was all black ash. Everywhere over the roads and all, black ash."

Just a glimpse of what is called the Battle of the Marne, the battle that saved Paris and France from being a broadened Belgium. It is a story of fighting, so is not characteristic of our book, but it is selected because it epitomizes so vividly the German invasion: the nearing boom of guns—"will they reach us?" the falling shells, the headlong flight, the crashing walls, the starting fires, the black-beards swarming in, the group of captives; then hunger and "affrightment," and where homes had been but yesterday black ash covering all; gleams, too, of human elements in German privates, and of de-humanized in the German command; and last, return to the little desolate Jerusalem. Be it remembered, however, this is German invasion in very *mild* epitome. The war-misery of France is now all classified and labeled. Madame Léfevre and her neighbors are only the *sinistrés*, burnt out inhabitants returning to their home-sites. They were not *evacués*, sent out of the war-zone by military authority. They were not *réfugiés*, fugitives flying before invasion with loss of nearly everything, and henceforth strangers in the land—"the great human embodiment of war-havoc in France." They were not *rapatriés*, captured civilians in conquered territory, permitted, if old, sick, dependent, to find a way through Switzerland to a land their own. They were not the *mutilés* or *reformés*, the French crippled soldiers, human fragments re-educated to begin life anew as part-men instead of wholes. Still, all these have freedom, friends and Fatherland. Beyond all this in misery lies what the words "Germany in Belgium" signify—slow starvation and systematic looting of a helpless victim-nation, shootings at sunrise, homes torn apart, girls disappearing, deportations, enslavement; these things, month after month, until the day I write, you read, these words. Even Belgium is perhaps surpassed in sheer calamity and woe by Poland's uprooted millions. Beyond all is—or *was*—Armenia; Armenia beneath the Turks, with their German masters looking on!

But the little English book is itself a sun-gleam. It is prophetic of the great world's pity soon to give a new bright meaning to its title, "The Track of the Storm." It is published by Headley Brothers, Kingsway House, Kingsway, W. C., London, and costs in paper cover 1/6 net. Some American house will probably soon have it on sale. W. C. GANNETT.

Japanese Business Honesty and Honor

Reports have been widely circulated in this country by enemies of Japan, and perhaps by others, to the effect that standards of business honesty and honor among the Japanese people are low. Disparaging comparisons are made between Japan and China, and we are told that whereas in China merchants, traders and the people generally can be trusted, in Japan the grounds for trust are much less secure. Many times I have been asked whether I do not think this is so.

My answer is: Probably it may have been true fifty or sixty years ago, when Americans first came into business relations with Japan, that there was a difference of this nature between the merchants and traders of the two nations. Business honesty has always been high in China, probably as high as anywhere in the world. In Japan business honesty and honor were not so high formerly as they are now. Outside of business the Japanese maintained standards of honor that were unsurpassed; but they do not seem to have carried them into trade as fully as did the Chinese. The reason is easy to find.

For ages (during all the centuries of Feudalism) the trading class was ranked in Japan as socially low, lower than the agriculturists and much lower than the samurai. The result of this low estimate in which trade (the whole business of mere money-making) was held, was that the moral standards of the trading class, the money-making class, sank to a lower level than those found among other classes of the people. This continued until the New Age of Japan; then a change took place. The men who first came from Japan to America and Europe to study western civilization returned to tell their people

that Japan's future prosperity and success must be found largely in commerce and trade with the nations of the West. But in order to meet the conditions of this trade and commerce their standards of business honesty and honor must be as high as those of the West. This raised the question: How could such standards be secured and maintained? At once it was seen that the obstacle in the way was largely social. There must be a change of social ideals. The men engaged in commerce and trade, in business and in finance, must no longer be looked down upon socially. These occupations must not be left to the least respected class in society. The very best men of the nation, the ablest and the most respected must take them up.

The result was, a change of this kind was entered upon. Encouraged by the government, men of the highest character and social standing began more and more turning their attention to all lines of business and finance. There seems reason to believe that today the financiers of Japan and the men carrying on her larger industries and commercial operations are of as high a type as can be found anywhere in the business or financial world.

In this connection it seems important to call attention to a mischievous story which has been extensively and persistently circulated in this country, and perhaps others, to the effect that all Japanese banks have Chinese cashiers and managers because Japanese men sufficiently honest and trustworthy cannot be found to fill these responsible positions. Having myself repeatedly met this statement, I supposed for a long time that it was true. But what are the facts?

The story is absolutely false. Its falsity has been set forth again and again and from sources of the most unquestionable reliability—among others, by Mr. George Kennan, in *The Outlook,* by Professor Francis G. Peabody, in *The North American Review,* by several missionaries and by various Japanese authorities of the highest standing. Yet the falsehood persists. The truth in the case is, there are upwards of 2,300 Japanese banks in Japan, and not one of them employs a Chinese cashier or general manager. Says Mr. K. K. Kawakami in his volume, "Asia at the Door": "In all my life I have never heard a lie so unblushing as this. . . . There is no Japanese bank that employs a single Chinese in any capacity." *

Possibly the basis or starting point of this widespread and harmful fiction, may be found in the following fact: There are in the Orient three or four *international* banks, such as the Hongkong Shanghai Bank and the Charter Bank of India, which were first established in China, and which later opened branches in Japan (in Yokohama and Kobe) primarily for the purpose of transacting business between Japan and China, and secondarily to transact international business generally. Of course in these three or four banks (which are not strictly Japanese, and which, coming from China, have a large business to transact with China, a country whose currency is multifarious and exceedingly difficult to understand), it is natural and almost necessary that Chinese cashiers and bookkeepers should be employed. This deceives not a few American travelers who happen to have provided themselves with letters of credit to these particular banks because of their international character. Going to these banks and receiving their money from Chinese cashiers they leap to the conclusion and spread the report that all the other 2,300 banks in Japan (all of Japan's own banks as well as these three or four semi-foreign ones) employ cashiers from China, which, as already said, is not true in a single case.

It is true, as already pointed out, that Chinese bankers are confessedly among the most efficient in the world, and Chinese standards of busines honor are very high. Nevertheless, Japan finds no need to go to China or anywhere else outside of her own borders to find plenty of men of ability and of the most unquestionable integrity, to carry on all her banks, and also her other lines of important business activity. One wonders how long this stupid falsehood about the Chinese cashiers, so often exposed, will continue to be circulated in America, to the cruel injury of Japan.

J. T. SUNDERLAND, D. D.

New York City *Author of "Rising Japan."*

* A somewhat full statement of the facts bearing on this subject may be found in "The Japanese Nation," by Professor Inazo Nitobe, pp. 169-173. See also "Asia at the Door," by K. K. Kawakami, pp. 51-52.

Tolstoy and the Russian Soldiers

The recent course of events in connection with Russia's efforts to bring about a "democratic peace" give renewed interest to this article by Jane Addams, which was published last September in the *New Republic*:

In all the discussions concerning the recent refusal of the Russian soldiers to continue fighting singularly little has been said of their own convictions in the matter. Making due allowances for the German propaganda which has doubtless been instituted among them, and for their natural inference that there is no longer any need to carry on the Czar's war and for their eagerness to get back to the land which they believe is at last to be given to those who actually till it, may not religious scruples also be a factor in their momentous decision.

Was Tolstoy the mouthpiece of a great moral change taking place in the life of the Russian peasants or did he speak merely for himself when he unequivocally stated that thousands of them were ready, upon religious grounds, to renounce warfare? I recall an evening years ago when I sat in the garden at Yasnaya Polyana that Tolstoy outlined a possible situation very similar to this one and begged us to remember that the Russian peasant did not change his nature when he shed his blouse and put on the Czar's coat.

Ten years ago in "Newer Ideals of Peace," I wrote the following sentences: "Tolstoy at least is ready to predict that in the affairs of national disarmament, it may easily be true that the Russian peasants will take the first step. Their armed rebellion may easily be overcome by armed troops, but what can be done with their permanent patience, their insatiable hunger for holiness! All idealism has its prudential aspects. . . . In this day of Maxim guns and high explosives, the old method of revolt would be impossible to an agricultural people but the nonresistant strike against military services lies directly in line with the temperament and capacity of the Russian peasant. That 'the

government cannot put the whole population in prison and if it could, it would still be without material for an army and without money for its support,' is an almost irrefutable argument. We see here at least the beginnings of a sentiment that shall, if sufficiently developed, make war impossible to an entire people, a conviction of sin manifesting itself throughout a nation."

During the decade that followed the writing of these words the Russian Duma was established as the immediate result of the universal strike, and the religious dogma of non-resistance gradually came to have its pragmatic sanction. It is hard to determine whether the Russian soldiers who are now refusing to fight have merely become so discouraged by their three years of futile warfare and so cheered by the success of a bloodless revolution that they have dared once again to venture the same tactics, or whether these fighting men in Galicia find singing in their own hearts the same good news which the early revolutionists took to Tolstoy lying in his grave in the forest of Zakaz—"Love to neighbors, nay the greatest love of all, love to enemies, is being accomplished."

Certainly the Russian revolution from the beginning overleaped all national boundaries and comprehended in its program peace and freedom for the entire world. It has been carried on by simple men who have had so little participation in national life that they are unconscious of the whole tenor of recent political history which has placed excessive emphasis upon the nation as the limit of sympathy and of friendly obligations on the part of the citizen and at the same time has magnified the opposing interests and rivalries between nations. On the other hand because they possess the Russians' inveterate habit of abstract discussion they had long debated between themselves the teaching of a religion which ignores national boundaries and claims the world for its field.

The youngest revolution is inevitably so much more radical than any of the existing governments resulting from previous revolutions, that it is not surprising that the Russian demands should embody in their internal policy fundamental labor and agrarian reforms —the latter so drastic as to change the entire system of land tenure—and in their foreign policy such inclusive phrases as "International Democracy," and "Universal Peace." For the moment the Russians stand quite free from the rampant nationalism swaying the rest of the world. When the accredited representatives of the workmen and the soldiers, sitting in their council at Petrograd, grew suspicious of the provisional government because of its attitude toward the Stockholm conference and accused them of attempting "secretly to destroy the work of drawing together the toiling masses of all countries in behalf of peace," they thus defiantly addressed them: "With those who do not understand the need of ending this slaughter and suffering of innocent victims, the Russian revolution cannot walk hand in hand."

It is as if these Russians, as soon as the revolution was established, had instinctively abstained from warfare—a violence to which they had formerly submitted, but which they never regarded as Christian—and had made a fresh approach to the tangled world situation; they also evince that endless desire of men, which torments them almost like an unappeased thirst, not to be kept apart but to come to terms with one another—that spring of life which underlies all social combination and political association. These Russian soldiers would make room within their new-secured space of light and warmth for all men; they would include even their enemies.

All the warring world is aghast at the Russians' refusal to fight, but in spite of their scoffing it is nevertheless true that reflective men in all of the belligerent nations are gradually recognizing the necessity for a new approach to the problem of ending the world war.

This necessity has recently been set forth by M. Henri Lambert of Belgium as follows: "The characteristic feature and dominating fact of the present highly critical situation of the belligerent world is that the various military, political and economic consequences arising from a defeat have developed to such a point of gravity that it has become for either side impossible even to contemplate submission to the will and power of the enemy. However, it fortunately remains possible for both sides to submit to a principle, to surrender to a truth. . . . Out of the international struggle has arisen a moral problem and a spiritual necessity." Are the Russians attempting a solution along spiritual lines while the well-established governments fail to recognize the hidden remedial powers which a newer democracy is striving to utilize?

Certainly the Russians are the most promising agency for the great task of converting the Central Powers to generous peace terms, as their trenchant statement has gradually been converting the Allies. A meeting held in Leeds June 3rd, 1917, addressed by three members of the British Parliament, demanded that England restate her terms in line with Russia's, and the most recent statement issued by President Wilson stamps their simple formula with the approval of the United States.

We are all learning to say that the end of this war will doubtless see profound political changes and democratic reconstruction, when the animalistic forces which are inevitably encouraged as a valuable asset in warfare, shall once more be relegated to a subordinate place. And yet when one of the greatest possible reconstructions is actually happening before our very eyes, we are too timid to trust the spiritual force which achieved so much and might conceivably achieve more. The war-weary world insists that the Russian soldier shall forego its use and shall continue to fight.

It is quite possible that the Russian peasant soldiers are telling the East Prussian peasant soldiers in the opposing trenches what Tolstoy told them: that the great task of this generation is to "free the land" as a former generation had already freed the serfs and slaves; that the future of the Russian peasant depends not upon garrisons and tax gatherers, but upon his willingness to perform "bread labor" on his recovered soil, and upon his ability to extend good will and just dealing to all men.

The Russian propagandists add to the enormous advantage of ardent aspirations and a newly consummated good-will, a youthful self-consciousness which makes their own emotional experience the center of the universe and assumes that others cannot be indifferent to their high aims. If the Allies are seriously trying to treat with the German people as distinct from the government, the spoken word will certainly be

found much more dependable as a vehicle of propaganda than the printed page, even if in our enthusiasm we attempt the native device of dropping democratic literature into the German trenches from aeroplanes. If the Allies find it reasonable to recommend to Germany, through formal state documents, such political changes as a chancellor responsible to the parliament, a representative body with power to initiate taxation, and other devices of self-government endeared through long usage to democratic nations, why at the same time should we deplore the man-to-man propaganda that is being carried forward on the eastern front by newly-liberated Russians who out of their own experiences are urging revolt against autocratic government, and who are recommending those very reforms which the Social Democrats of Germany have long been advocating? Certainly the Russians who at this moment are freeing themselves from the oppression of the enormous landed estates might most readily appeal to those Germans who have long contended that the foundation of parliamentary reform must be a change in the status of the land-holding Junkers.

Inevitably the results of such a propaganda are absolutely disastrous from the military point of view; but if the Allies are striving to win an entire people from the tenets of militarism, what teachers could be more convincing than men so enthusiastic over a governmental theory based upon the voluntary co-operation of self-directed individuals that they are ready to face a court-martial in order to act upon it themselves and insist upon extending it to the very men who are supposed to represent the military system in its perfection? They are at least treading the paths of martyrdom which Tolstoy believed to be the only way to peace.

It is certainly the wisdom of the humble, the very counsel of imperfection, which is exemplified by this army of tattered men who are walking so carefully in the dawning light. But they may be "the unhindered and adventuring sons of God," who are the bearers of the most precious aspirations of this generation. To insist that they continue in the old lines of warfare when they themselves believe that fraternal intercourse is more efficacious for their revolutionary purposes, will probably result in a failure of both methods. They will neither convert the German troops nor will they efficiently make war upon them. The outcome may easily afford another of those cruel examples, presented so often by history, in which the Good has been the greatest enemy of the Best.—*Jane Addams.*
—*Friends' Intelligencer.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Unity:

I hope I do not need to assure your readers of my hearty agreement with your editorial comments upon the resignations of Robinson, Gebauer and myself from our respective churches. I am happy to report however, that in my own case my resignation was not only nominally, but in actual fact, entirely voluntary. My people (most of whom are not pacifists—not by a long shot!) have been almost unbelievably tolerant and affectionate toward me throughout these months of my anti-war preaching. At a time when so many professedly liberal churches are proving recreant to their trust it is good for us all to know that we have here in this notoriously reactionary suburb of New York a group of people who have been steadfastly true to the principle of religious and civil liberty.

FRANK CARLETON DOAN.

P. S. The following statements from the trustees and the membership and my reply, may also be of interest.

THE PRINCIPLE OF FREEDOM.

The Trustees of All Souls' Church of Summit, New Jersey, in view of newspaper comment and various current rumors, and in justice both to their minister, Dr. Frank Carleton Doan, and to themselves, wish to put on record their admiration for his sincerity, tolerance, courage, idealism, and loyalty to the best as he sees it.

While by far the larger part of his congregation are not in agreement with his views regarding peace and war, they believe in a broad tolerance of opinion and in freedom of pulpit utterance.

Nothing that Dr. Doan has said is capable of interpretation as treason or disloyalty to his country.

The Trustees believe that there is more danger today in attempts to suppress honest opinion than there is in a frank and free expression of sincere pacifism.

Let us not see the ghost of Benedict Arnold in every phase which is not sufficiently warlike to satisfy our emotions. Let us rather respect an honest man whether he agrees with us or not. In short, while fighting one form of tyranny, let us beware lest we build up another.

The Trustees have no thought of accepting Dr. Doan's offer to resign.

AN OPEN LETTER TO PASTORAL COMMITTEE.

New Year's Day, 1918.

To the Committee on Pastoral Relations:

Dear Friends:—

May I express through you my deep appreciation of the petition, urging me to withdraw my resignation, which your committee has conveyed to me? It did not need the petition to persuade me of the support and devotion of the members of All Souls' and the many friends who joined with them in signing it. Throughout these four years of my ministry I have had abundant evidence of such support and personal confidence. To decline (as from a strong sense of duty in other fields I must) to continue as pastor of All Souls' is one of the hardest decisions I have yet had to make and hold to. Tell them for me that in whatever field of service I may be I shall always try to work and live in the spirit of affection and good will I have found in them, my people and my friends.

Faithfully yours,
FRANK CARLETON DOAN.
All Souls' Church, Summit, N. J.

To Dr. Frank Carleton Doan:

We, the members of the congregation and others interested in All Souls' Church of Summit, N. J., wish hereby to record our appreciation of your services for the last four years.

While but few of us entirely agree with some of your most cherished convictions, and many of us radically differ from you on questions of war and peace, all of us unite in recognizing your single-mindedness, your sincerity, and the fine spirituality of your nature.

Our minds may, and often do, lead us to different conclusions, but our hearts all point the same course.

We are most reluctant to accept your resignation and take this method to express our united wish that you may be persuaded to withdraw it and continue the work of love and high purpose you have carried on so devotedly during the time of your ministry with us.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Question of Alsace-Lorraine*

*ALSACE-LORRAINE, FROM CAESAR TO KAISER. 58 B. C. to 1871 A. D. Ruth Putnam; New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ALSACE-LORRAINE. A Study in Conquest, 1913, David Starr Jordan; Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

ALSACE-LORRAINE UNDER GERMAN RULE. Charles Downer Hazen, Henry Holt & Co., New York.

ALSACE-LORRAINE. Daniel Blumenthal; G. P. Putnam's Sons; New York.

These four books which lie on my desk take up the question of Alsace-Lorraine from very different points of view, but in all matters of importance they are in full agreement. All are wholly sympathetic with the spirit of Alsace. All regard the seizure of the provinces in 1871, as being what their deputies at the time called it, "an odious abuse of force," and all agree that in right and justice the sovereignty of Alsace-Lorraine belongs to the people of Alsace-Lorraine. The Germans could not own the people; the French had no right to give them away. Each of the four writers repudiates the claim that these people with their land were really German, because the majority both in Lorraine and Alsace speak a German dialect to children and servants, because they bear mostly German names, or because their land three or four centuries ago was loosely included in the ramshackle "Holy Roman Empire." When Louis XIV entered the little city of Strassburg in 1681, Alsace had no political existence. Strassburg was a small republic and the ten chief towns of Alsace were "free cities" of the empire. German claims rest solely on force as consummated at the treaty of Frankfort in 1871. Against their will and without consent of the people most of Alsace and about half of Lorraine, were seized to form the German province of "Elsass-Lothringen." France then renounced her claim, under threats of total annihilation. But the Alsatians never accepted the transfer, and their protests and declarations in 1871 constitute some of the noblest documents in European history.

Since then there has been no reconciliation and of late years no attempt at it. The system of supreme discipline which rules in Germany was applied to these people with Prussian dullness, and regardless of protest or opposition.

Germany said to her province of "Elsass-Lothingen," "I will not give you freedom until I am sure of your love." Alsace responds: "I cannot love you till you set me free." Lorraine replies: "I am not of your family; I cannot understand your ways." Germany says to France, "We cannot be friends until you forget." France answers, "You will not let me forget, and so I cannot."

Around Alsace-Lorraine centers the most awful tragedy in the world's history. In the problem as it now exists there is but one answer, the answer of Switzerland, the answer of civilization—Alsace-Lorraine must be set free, and allowed to make her own future.

This answer is foreshadowed in the two earliest of these books. It is set forth insistently by Hazen and by Blumenthal, although with both these writers, freedom means union with France. The Alsatians love France for her own sake, and because while Germany offered discipline without justice, France gave justice with freedom. Some one complained to Napoleon that his Alsatian recruits were speaking German. "No matter," said Napoleon, "they speak in German but they saber in French." "Being German," it is said, "they can be more obstinately French than the French themselves."

In her charming volume, Miss Putnam follows the history of the provinces from Roman times, until in 1871 they were ceded to Germany.

Jordan's study in 1913 gives little of the earlier history, the book being essentially a condensation of many personal interviews with leading men of all shades of opinion within Alsace and Lorraine. These people, whom the author protects by omitting mention of names, spoke very frankly, with the final result of a very complete exposition of local opinion as it existed just before the outbreak of the war. At that time the Germans rigorously denied the existence of any "question of Alsace-Lorraine." They had won the provinces by the honest method of conquest, and they would hold them for their own protection and because they knew better than the Alsatians how the territory should be governed.

The Alsatians, in general, regarded the Prussians as an inferior, backward and bullying race, disliked the more as they became better acquainted.

But the Alsatians dreaded war above all things. They had known what it was like, and most of them looked forward to the ultimate liberalizing of German politics and to the time when their double culture should form a bridge or bond of union between Germany and France. And yet they recognized that Germany could not give the Alsatians the freedom her own citizens had never yet achieved for themselves. "Some day," it was urged, "Alsace may turn the scale in behalf of German freedom."

"When the time comes, this great nation, the second Fatherland of every cultured man, shall stand for honor and justice, and the prophecy of Heine shall come true. Not only Alsace-Lorraine but the whole world in this ideal sense shall become German." But this condition can never come under German military dictatorship. "It is for the people of these provinces to say loudly and clearly that the demand be made for the friendly bridge between two civilizations—not the glacis of a fort, nor yet the field of battle, we ask 'No war; Franco-German reconciliation; self-government for Alsace-Lorraine.'"

Since the war began, and since the wretched affair at Zabern, which was in fact the first of the war's preliminary skirmishes, Alsace-Lorraine has been treated by Germany as a "foreign country." And the idea of a "foreign country" held by the German general staff has been illustrated in Belgium and Northern France, in every region anywhere cursed by the presence of German troops.

As matters are, nothing can justify the return of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, unless it be to a Germany ruled by her own people, having undergone an entire change of heart and ready to admit Alsatians to full democratic citizenship, and leaving them no longer as "second-class Germans" ("*Deutsche zweiter*

Klasse"), without rights, living not on their own lands but on Imperial territory ("Reichsland").

The volume of Professor Hazen is a history in detail of the experience of Alsace, especially under the rule of Germany. It is therefore in a large degree complementary to Miss Putnam's work. But notwithstanding his historic calmness, the writer boils over at times in hot indignation at Prussian duplicity and cruelty. "As Balzac said many years ago: 'There is one instrument the Germans have never learned to play; that instrument is Liberty.' It is the Germans who are responsible for the question of Alsace-Lorraine, not only in its inception but in its progress and fruition. Denying categorically that any such question exists, they have made it one of the danger spots of Modern Europe, and through their handling of it have given the world an accurate measure of their ability and character as rulers. The fate of Alsace-Lorraine is a striking and melancholy object lesson to a world threatened with German domination. The history of Alsace-Lorraine is a sufficient revelation of what such a domination would mean."

The little book of Blumenthal is essentially a human document, a plain word from the inside. Daniel Blumenthal, for nine years—1905 to 1914—was the freedom-loving and forceful mayor of the city of Colmar, the associate of Abbé Wetterlé, Paul Helmer and "Oncle Hansi" (waltz) in their efforts for liberalization. He had been deputy in the Reichstag and member of the provincial senate, a man justly honored for courage and wisdom. We are told that he had been "condemned to death eight times and carrying sentences aggregating more than five hundred years of penal servitude, all imposed on him by the Imperial German Government because he escaped to tell the world the truth about Alsace-Lorraine." This, observes his sponsor, Prof. Douglas W. Johnson, is "the highest recommendation which the Prussian autocracy has power to give."

Blumenthal tells the story of his country in a simple, direct and convincing way. Since war began, Alsace has experienced a reign of terror. "In the first place, persons inscribed on the black-list, that is to say, those most suspected have been arrested and imprisoned. Those who (like Mayor Blumenthal) have escaped the talons of the Germans, have been the objects of persecution for so-called high treason, liable to capital punishment. They have had their property seized and (supreme misfortune) they have been declared to have forfeited their German nationality." "The Council of war was in permanent operation."

Blumenthal estimates that 30,000 Alsatian soldiers, mobilized in the German army, have gone over into the French. Many of these "have begged to be sent to the front, to fight the Germans, thus risking their lives twice in the service of France."

"Alsace-Lorraine has suffered under the Prussian rule of Germany. This rule has weakened the strength of the country but could not kill the spirit of the people. There is but one way in which the two provinces can regain their health. They must again be united to France, their mother country, their rightful home."

Yet, if the Germans had been wise enough to grant these people full liberty at home and equality before the law in the control of the German nation, these people would have become reconciled and there would have been no "Question of Alsace-Lorraine." And at the present time it seems there is still no question. Justice is plain enough. For the welfare of civilization Alsace-Lorraine, in chains for forty-seven years, in one way or another must be set free! It is an old proverb of the Alsatians:

"On changerait plutôt le cœur en place,
Que de changer la vieille Alsace!"
(Sooner change the heart in place,
Than change the spirit of old Alsace.)

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

MY PUNISHMENT.

I don't believe you'd ever guess my mother's punishment for me,
When I have done a hateful thing and been as bad as I can be.

She doesn't lock me in my room nor take away my favorite toy,
And leave me till I've promised her that I will be a better boy.

She doesn't punish with a whip, although some other mothers do;
Some kinds of boys are helped by that, but I get madder through and through.

No, sir! My mother simply says: "My son, go out and take a walk,
Into the quiet of the woods, where you and God can have a talk.

Tell Him both sides, give yours and mine,—He is a judge you need not fear.
Talk freely, for I know that He will make the right and wrong quite clear."

So off I start. In winter days I bundle up—but out I go,
And pretty mad, I'll tell you that—at least, at *first* it's always so.

But somehow when I've gotten there the woods are all so still and dim,
I feel as though I'd like to cry—but then instead I talk to Him.

I tell it all—that's only fair, God *ought* to hear the other side,
I'd hate to be a sneaky boy, I'd want to run away and hide.

It just depends how mad I am, the time it takes to tell it all—
But in the end it's just the same—I feel so mean and sad and small.

God never answers right out loud; it's not His way, I've come to know.
It's just my heart that tells me when—and back to mother how I go!

"The woods have helped, they always do," she whispers as she holds my hands,
"There's no one there to interfere." Oh, how my mother understands!

The punishment seems queer, perhaps,—to other folks I s'pose it would,—
But mother knows, and so do I, just how it helps *me* to be good.

—*Vlyn Johnson.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

IV.
How Man Was Made

"He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." —*Genesis, ii:7.*

The problem of this course is that of elimination, that there may be clearly left in our minds the few central facts. We want to realize our stupidity and come into that state of intelligent ignorance that will be an inspiration to effort.

In regard to man's appearance on the earth. We will not dwell this morning on the mythical explanation except to remember that such a conception was embodied not only in our Christian Bible, but that in the early literature of all peoples the myth stories of man's creation abound in great beauty and great suggestiveness.

The dual narrative in Genesis, the Elohistic account, says (Gen. 1:26-27):

> And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the heavens, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.
>
> And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

In the second account Jehovah God formed man out of the dust of the ground, planted a garden, caused to grow all vegetation, and after submitting to man's domination all lower creation, the record says:

> Jehovah God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him. . . .
>
> And Jehovah God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof: and the rib, which Jehovah God had taken from the man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And the man said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.

In the first, the more material account, man and woman came into being simultaneously, the man ready to be installed as head of creation. In the second, woman comes as an after thought, a social necessity. The literalist must choose between these two accounts.

Brinton in his "Myths of the American People" parallels these myths of the origin of man in material which he picked up out of the western world traditions.

The verdict of science must be approached slowly. A paragraph from a book, "The Wonder of Life," by J. Arthur Thomson, will help us to realize that we are in a world teeming with life, a world of marvelous fecundity. Thomson speaks of the crowded stage and the prodigality of life:

> Antarctic explorers have told us that in one haul of the dredge in those icy waters it was quite a usual thing to get from ten thousand to thirty thousand specimens of a certain Crustacean. On the surface of the small pools of water on the melting ice of the *mer de glace* at Chamonix, M. Vallot found in 1912 an extraordinary multitude of a rather rare wingless insect, the "glacier flea." These minute and primitive forms occurred over a stretch of glacier twenty meters broad by two thousand meters long, and there must have been forty millions of them.
>
> The heather on the moor, with its firm leaves and apparently clean twigs, does not suggest itself as a crowded home of life; but that is just what it is, as Dr. Shipley found in searching for grouse-parasites. He adopted the method of soaking the heather in water and then centrifuging the infusion, with the result that an extraordinary wealth of little creatures was discovered. He gives a striking picture of what would appear if we could see a square yard of the moor through a gigantic lense magnifying a hundred times. The heather plants would be as tall as lofty elms, their flowers as big as cabbages, the grouse would be six or seven times the size of "Chantecler" at the Porte St. Martin; creeping and wriggling up the stem and over the leaves, and gradually yet surely making their way towards the flowers, would be seen hundreds and thousands of silvery white worms about the size of young earthworms. Lying on the leaves and on the plant generally would be seen thousands of spherical bodies the size of grains of wheat, the cysts of coccidum (a minutely microscopic Protozoan parasite); and on the ground and on the plants, as large as split peas, would be seen the tapeworm eggs patiently awaiting the advent of their second host.

He describes a Lapland bird-berg, the nesting place of guillemots, etc. He says: "The whole hill was alive, hundreds of thousands of eyes looked upon us as we intruded."

You may remember that at one time transcontinental trains on the Union Pacific were delayed for hours by passing tides of buffaloes. And in Kansas and Missouri trains have been stopped by grasshoppers. Aristotle records about 500 animals, but Thomson says:

> A single expedition nowadays may still discover more than a thousand new species. . . We are amazed at the number of stars which we can see definitely on a clear night, perhaps four thousand altogether, but there may be more species in one family of insects.

Compare such testimony with that of Raleigh who estimated a hundred species as an approximate number to be accommodated in the ark.

On this fertile earth man appeared and science has been peering into his antecedents trying to discover his origin. Man and animal have come from a common root. From the geological stuff in which man was found on the margin of the seas come two trunk lines, and with the help of a chart we may see one leading up into plant life and the other through animal life to man. One offshoot from the first main line having its base in protozoa, shows that sponges seem not to have the power of improving themselves; their line stops comparatively far down. A branch starting a little later runs into sea life, lilies, star-fish, beautiful forms of sea life. Another branch, the mollusca, develops the oyster, the "chambered nautilus," another develops crustacea, of which the turtle is the best type, with an offshoot running into insects, and we have the marvelous bee and ant life. On the main line we come to the rodents, and those having bones on the inside. A long line of development shows the birds, and far up on the main line are the branches of tailless apes and tailed monkeys. Through

the central line which separates with ape and monkey we come to man. The second main line beginning with thallophytes, the water plants, gives us mosses, liverworts, branching into palms and grasses, another palm fern branch, another pine and the main line; oaks, nettles, roses, apples, olive, convolvulus, finally blooming into the composites. Botanically speaking the most perfect thing is the thistle. We may try to preserve the early thought that these forms of life are unrelated, but a diagram will indicate how interdependent they are.

A classic on this subject is Darwin's "Descent of Man." When Huxley wrote his "Man's Place in Nature" he was promptly characterized as an atheist, an infidel, whereas he was a born theologian. He was a big believer, a beautiful, loving, trusting man possessing all the essential elements of religion.

Darwin not only unfolded the common family relation of man with his fellow creatures, showing that we have the same diseases, the same materia medica for sick horse and sick man, that epidemics are passed from animal to man, but that there are survivals in the human body, reminiscence of our humble parentage that man has outgrown. But we find that in the animal in a humble way there is prophecy of the psychic, the mental, emotional elements which we are apt to consider peculiar to man. Darwin finds in animals the power of appreciation, curiosity, memory and even sympathy. Among many incidents he tells this one:

> In Abyssinia, Brehm encountered a great troop of babboons, who were crossing a valley; some had already ascended the opposite mountain, and some were still in the valley; the latter were attacked by the dogs, but the old males immediately hurried down from the rocks, and with mouths widely opened roared so fearfully that the dogs quickly drew back. They were again encouraged to the attack; but by this time all the babboons had ascended the heights, excepting a young one, about six months old, who, loudly calling for aid, climbed on a rock and was surrounded. Now one of the largest males, a true hero, came down again from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him and triumphantly led him away—the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack.

Man has risen and is still growing into the psychic by means of the physical and we do not need to make any distinction. The first big development of man was the attainment to the upright position, giving freedom to the forelimbs and the development of the hand. There is nothing in the machine shop or in animal life that is equal to the arm. A baby can hang by its hands, showing its arboreal ancestry, but soon loses this power by non-use. The next development was the organ of speech, an artificial counter of thought, a big story. The last development has been that of the brain. The analogies between our brains and those of our poorer relations are very striking, both as to shape and function. Some authorities give the largest brain capacity of the highest ape as somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-two ounces, the largest man's brain at sixty-six ounces. We find that the difference between the highest brain capacity of the ape and the lowest man brain capacity is large, but not so great between the highest ape and lowest man as between the lowest man and the highest man. Man has developed quickly.

This cup we call the skull is the great endowment of the human. We have a tool to think with and a machine by which to register the thought. We have a psychic reinforcement made possible by man's power of registering thought, his own and that of others. It is possible for us to say with the philosopher, "Give me a great thought that I may refresh myself with it."

Huxley has said that if one's mind was sufficiently gifted with insight he could see in the early form of gaseous matter the prospective marvels of the human world. Man's relation to ancestral life is proven by the survival of organs left behind. To speak of the survival of the wolf in man is no figure of speech and every individual life passes through the various stages of man's prior development. There is a stage in the history of the human embryo where it is indistinguishable from the embryo of a fish, chicken, dog or horse.

In John Fiske's last word to the world, after making clear the rise of physical man, who seems to have reached the ideal, having the upright position, free forearms, music box in the throat and brain cup, seemingly fulfilling all the conditions of efficiency, he said, what next? The next step is to be the development of the social organism, the adjustment of man to his human environment. The individual is a mighty small, a negligible, fraction of society, but when properly related to the social compact he is to bloom into a perfect society and can rejoice with the poet:

> Heir of all the ages, I,—
> Heir of all that they have wrought,
> All the stores of emprise high,
> All their wealth of precious thought!

Spencer tells the story of the brain specialist and Huxley. The specialist, on dissecting the brain of a porpoise, found more brain than in many more intelligent animals. Both scientists were puzzled but studied out the conclusion. Animal life depends on the brain. While the porpoise does not know much, he is a very lively animal, always active, and must have brain to feed the emotions. Perhaps cold and hard hearts may be scientifically traced to empty heads.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What do Antarctic explorers tell of presence of forms of life in cold climates?
(2) What was the first big development of man?
(3) What did this give him?
(4) Compare size of brain of man and that of largest ape.
(5) What did John Fiske think man's highest ideal attainment would be?

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

A FAMOUS INTERNATIONALIST

The death of Felix Moscheles removes one of the most interesting and vivid personalities of the Peace Movement of which so many hopes were born in the years before the war. The son of a pianist and composer of European distinction, and of a writer whose beautiful face her son lived to paint, he had no less a person than Mendelssohn, his father's intimate friend, for his godfather, and throughout his life he mixed with celebrities from all lands, with many of whom he was on terms of the most delightful intimacy. Of happy friendships, indeed, his life was full, and the gospel of internationalism of which he became so able an exponent was learnt in his school-days in Germany, as an art student in Paris and Antwerp, and in his own home in Chelsea, which was the meeting ground of so many people of world-wide fame. His connection with the Peace Movement dates from the time when, visiting Paris after the Commune, before the departure of the German troops, the horror of warfare was bitten deeply into his sensitive and generous soul, and from that time onward Moscheles was one of the foremost workers in the cause of internationalism. "Hodgson Pratt first definitely enlisted him in this crusade," says *The Manchester Guardian,* in an article from which we may be permitted to quote some passages relating to his special lifework:

"On Pratt's death he succeeded him as chairman and, later, president of the International Arbitration and Peace Association. Both to the domestic and the international work of the movement he brought a something new that was his own. Henry Richard, Hodgson Pratt, Spence Watson were, like Cobden and Bright before them, pure Englishmen, strong with the strength of personal integrity and ardour, but easily distinguishable from the Continental apostles of the peace idea by their colouring of political, economic, and religious Liberalism. Moscheles was, above all, an artist and a Bohemian; he was drawn more to political refugees, Labour men, and Socialists than to any of the regular party combatants of the time. The division of the Peace Movement especially in this country, into a number of small sectional societies, some emphasising the political and juridical, some the religions, and some the industrial aspects of the question, was a thing he never could understand, and he was for ever preaching the advantages of a more catholic and practical spirit. He invented the international 'Peace Day' celebration and drafted annually the resolution that was to be put simultaneously in many lands. For years his large studio in Chelsea, littered with his own and his wife's canvases, family treasures, and the jetsam of travel, was the scene of gatherings of this kind. Here foreign statesmen, flying across the world, missionaries of inconceivable creeds, beetle-browed revolutionaries, great singers and pianists, poets, inventors of new languages, all sorts of forceful men and beautiful women, were to be met. 'Cosmopolis, Chelsea,' it should have been called: actually, it will be remembered as 'the Grelix,' a jocular combination of his wife's and his own name.

"In 1883 he crossed the Atlantic with Irving and Ellen Terry, and in course of some months' stay in the States we see him painting the portrait of Grover Cleveland, preaching arbiration the while to the future President. In 1884 Robert Browning, already a close friend, sat to Moscheles, and wrote a verse inscription for one of his largest pictures, 'The Isle's Enchantress.' The portrait of Sergius Stepniak and a series of topical canvases—one of them satirising the sweater, another representing the agony of Armenia—indicated subjects nearer to his heart than those he showed from time to time at the Academy and the Grosvenor and New Galleries. He became a friend and active disciple of Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto, and was for some years president of the London Esperanto Club. With the Baroness von Suttner and several others, who have since been endowed with the Nobel Prize, he attended both the first and second Peace Conferences at the Hague. At the annual International Peace Conferences, and in the more frequent deliberations of the Standing Committee of the Peace Movement in Berne, he was valued even more for his indomitable gaiety and illimitable sympathies than for his shrewdness in counsel. Between his sixtieth and seventieth years he began writing regularly for *Concord,* the organ of the International Arbitration Association."

—*From the London Inquirer.*

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER

"Conditions in Austria and Hungary are not far from actual famine and starvation. I learn that in a village, out of 700 school children, 500 had to come to school without shoes and stockings in spite of the bitter cold and snow. This is merely an illustration out of many, but unquestionably true. Financial conditions are of course horrible, the only people prospering being the war-traders and the officers; the latter receive double pay in wartime, some generals as much as 50,000 Marks equalling to buying value of $20,000 a year in peace times. Young fellows of 19 and 20 who have become officers receive 500 Marks a month, equal to $200 in buying value. This fact has created a remarkable and exceedingly strong anti-officer spirit, who are the only ones to enjoy luxuries and dining cars and, whereas the civil population has to undergo a severe hardship in the lack of food and high prices."

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